

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too: God keepe Lead
out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I
haue led myrag of Muffians where they are peperd: ther's not
thies of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to
begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the houres of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreuegd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Furke*
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day:
I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I pte thee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou gets not my
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

The Prince drames it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. VVhat is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the Bortle at him, and Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way,
so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Car-
bonado of mee. I like not such grinning honour as *fr. Walter*
bath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes
vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of
Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too
much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp,
Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ks. I will doe so: my L. of *VVestmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the 4

The Prince of Wales from such a field
Where staynd Nobilitie lies troden
And Rebels Armes triumph in mass

Iohn. Wee breathe too long, come
Our duty this way lies: For Gods

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,
But now I doe respect thee as my son

King. I saw him hold Lord *Percy*
With lustier maintenance then I did

Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to
Doug. Another King, they grow

I am the *Douglas* fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them.

That counterfeist the person of a King.

King. The King him selfe, who
So many of his shadowes thou hast

And not the very King: I haue two
Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the

But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luck
I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe

Doug. I feare, thou art another *Co*
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like

But mine I am sure thou art, who ere
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in dang
Prince. Hold vp thy head, vile *Sc*

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirit
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are

It is the Prince of Wales that threat
Who neuer promisseth, but hee mee

They fight, Doug
Cheerely my Lord, how fares you?

Sir Nicholas Gansley hath for succour
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton*

King. Stay, and breathe a while